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James D. McIntosh, Jr.  
2012 Collection

## DEATH

The more I live, the more I see  
Death attacking all around me.  
We see it coming from miles away,  
Yet it shocks us when it strikes some day.  
Our loved ones lie sick, dying in their beds,  
We know of their imminent deaths in our heads,  
But we still hold hope or think death may not be so close,  
So it strikes us hard when comes what we expected most.

Written by James D. McIntosh Jr. on April 16, 2012 with reflection on the deaths of friends and family members following the death of the child Julia Brandenburg.

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### My Heart

Sun. Night  
June 17  
2012

Years ago,  
I don't know when  
I don't know how,  
But I realize now  
That I broke my heart into pieces  
And spread them all across space.  
Now I really need them  
In their place.

June 18

Who are you?

Who am I?

Yes.

I am you.

No.

Yes.

No!

Yes...

21

Who cares?

I care.

No, you don't, because you are me.

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June 21,  
2012

Once upon a time there lived fuzzy, furry little creatures called Norples. Some were white, some black, etc. They worked, ate, played, and did lots of things together. They all loved each other and were close. One day somebody came from another land. Nobody was sure where, not even him. He looked like a white Norple, but the top of his head was brown with a tan spot in the right front.<sup>1</sup> Most of the Norples liked to be around him and play with him some of the time. They thought he looked okay. Few others shunned him and wanted nothing to do with him. He began to wonder:

Was he beautiful? Was he worth anything among these Norples? Or was he only a freak alone in the midst of Norples?

Maybe the problem was just that he could not feel what the Norples felt. His heart was not grown completely.

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The question is often not "Why?" but "Why not?"

-Me

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<sup>1</sup> I am a Caucasian with brown hair with a blond patch.

## Letting Go of Grandma

Written by James Daniel McIntosh, Jr. on July 30, 2012

Dear Grandma, I know that it is almost time,  
So for you I have composed this little rhyme.  
I've known you all of my life and love you very much.  
You've been a great person and teacher to us.  
Grandma, I guess I just want you to know  
That I love you and fear having to let you go.  
But I can't be selfish and ask you to stay,  
For I know Grandpa for you does wait.  
And so does God, who I know must say,  
"I have this new body for you, which will fit nicely."

When There's Distance Between Us

Written by James D. McIntosh, Jr. for Ceyley Cowherd on August 2, 2012

I feel only half and incomplete

When we are apart.

Though we can't be connected at the lips, hands, or feet,

We are connected at the heart.

I think of you always and think of the day

When we'll be together again.

But for now we can only chat and say,

"I love you, my dear friend."

We'll grow closer together through thick and thin,

No matter how near or far we are.

The distance between us may now be land,

Let's not let it become our hearts.

## Freedom

Written by James D. McIntosh Jr. on August 10, 2012

Once upon a time, there was a young man in a pit. The pit was dark. The pit was cold. The pit was filthy. The pit was lonely. The pit was dug by the man himself.

He began digging where he knew he should not have, but that did not stop him. He kept digging and digging, making things messier and messier, until he struck a layer of rock. He had dug so deep by this time that he could not get out on his own. He was trapped. All the people who had tried to stop him before it was too late were now gone. He had shoved them away, and they could not follow him where he went.

The man did not want to be at the bottom of this pit any longer. He cried out in the darkness, pleading for even a bit of light.

Suddenly, he heard a voice above him call, "My boy, what are you doing down there? You are too young to throw your life away. There is still so much you are meant to do."

"But what can I do?" he wailed. "I am stuck. Is there any way you can get me out of here?"

"No, there is nothing that I can do, except help you see someone else who can."

"Who is this person?"

"I am sure you have heard of Him, you just have not seen Him yet. He took a beating for you once, but you looked the other way. You should be doing the work He assigns to you, but you chose to do this instead. You wanted to be rebellious and look for amusement in your own way. Now you have the chance to change that. He is here, but He can do nothing unless you let Him. That is the way things work. He is not like us. He is better."

The stranger revealed more of this Savior to the trapped man. After some time, the trapped man realized what he had to do.

"Savior!" he called. "I am sorry. I have avoided you for so long, but I was wrong. I could have done so much better with my life! I have missed out on so much and done so much wrong. Forgive me! And please rescue me from what I have done."

Suddenly, a bright light surrounded the trapped man.

He heard a quiet voice say, "I forgive you. I love you. I will use you to do great things. Do my work for the rest of your life, and you shall be free."

The man in the pit felt large, strong hands grip him and lift him up. He was being lifted out of the pit.

How does the story end? It has not yet ended. The man still lives and works for his Savior. He has seen many wonderful and awesome things done because he has never gone back to the pit. He follows his Savior everywhere He goes and never looks away from Him. Sometimes the man stumbles while he walks with his Savior, but the Savior is always there, willing to help him get up again and keep going.

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### Mother's Birthday Poem

Written by James D. McIntosh Jr. for Mommy in August 2012

"Happy Birthday, Mom!"

From your oldest son.

Today is a very special day,

Because I get more time to say,

"I love you very much,

And thanks for all you've done!"

Now this poem has come to an end,

But let the happy birthday begin.

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### The Letter Poem

Written by James D. McIntosh Jr. for Grandpa and Grandma Mac in August 2012

This is just a poem  
To ask how it's goin'.  
I just wanted to say, 'Hi,'  
And that I love you guys.  
I hope that you are feeling well  
Or getting better if you are ill.  
This is all I've got to say for now,  
So until I visit I'll just say, "Ciao!"

I guess I'm just learning how to go with the flow. But the flow feels like it's white water.  
-James D. McIntosh, Jr. Sept. 2012

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Patience For a Purpose  
Written by James D. McIntosh, Jr. on September 21, 2012

God saved my life and let me know,  
That I'm still needed here below.  
He then gave me trials that are hard to bear  
To test my faith in this knowledge to share.  
I try and I learn, but do not know  
If I have any progress to show.  
The devil laughs at my pain and ignorance.  
But God holds onto to me and says,  
"Just wait and see, it won't last forever.  
Someday you'll thank me, your Heavenly Father.  
I'm the best friend you've got,  
Whether you see it or not,  
And I would never let you hurt without  
Letting something beautiful sprout.  
Hold onto Me and the little things I send,  
And someday you may understand  
That you grew up strong and helped a lot  
Many people, though you saw it not."

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Failure  
Written by James D. McIntosh, Jr. on September 21, 2012

It hurts me to see  
How nothing I do  
Ever seems  
To work through.  
I either give up,  
Or things don't work out.  
But someday, I hope,  
To complete something without  
This worry following me around.  
And maybe someday I'll see  
This failure that seems to abound  
Meant more to others, as well as me.

Cute, Little Poem

Written by James D. McIntosh, Jr.  
for Ceyley Cowherd on October 1, 2012

Roses are red,

Violets are blue.

At least, that's what I'm told.

I only know I love you.

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The Dagger Made of Dirt

Written by James D. McIntosh, Jr.  
on October 5, 2012

The dagger made of dirt never makes one fatal blow.

It makes many, many stabs, often in a row.

Its target is the heart, and it causes searing pain.

The only way to cease it is to give up all your gain.

Although there is one thought that may provide some relief.

It is the fact that someday distance will cause no more grief.

This is because we will not always be so far apart.

Someday I will marry her, and the pangs will leave my heart.

## What May Lie Hidden

Written by James D. McIntosh, Jr.  
on October 10, 2012

"Strap the device onto his head.

"Now, for those of you just joining us on TV, I am Dr. Knowall. I have created a device that can read the attitude of someone's inner thoughts and produce an animation that represents them on this screen. I have here with me Mr. Alljoy. He is quite possibly the happiest man alive, and he has generously volunteered his time to test my machine.

"Okay, he's all ready. Flip the switch."

You know, you never can tell what people hide in their heads. Things they don't let other people say. Words left unsaid. Emotions locked away from the world. They tear away at the mind, and sometimes they break out and wreak havoc on people the things nearby.

"...Turn off the machine. Destroy it. I...I don't know what just happened, but we should all just try to forget about what we saw. Something must be wrong the machine. I...I don't think it's worth pursuing any further. Please just destroy it. I'm sorry."

Is that really what Mr. Alljoy needs? People to just try to forgot about everything they saw in his head? The next week, a piece of lead was all that could be found in his head.

Now, perhaps not everybody would go to the same measures. However, everybody has something hidden. Everybody needs somebody to be there for them. Nobody can manage their mind on their own, because everybody's mind holds onto everything that happens in life.

MindFlow

James D. McIntosh, Jr.

November 5, 2012

Nothing to say?

I'll say it anyway.

Randomly writing, with no goal in mind,

This crazy little poem that ain't quite divine.

It doesn't really have a point.

By the way, I don't smoke joints.

I just wanted something to write,

So this random stuff came to mind.

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A Me-Sized Hole

Written by James D. McIntosh, Jr.  
on November 15, 2012

There is a hole inside of me

That I can just fit in.

No one will find me here,

Where I do all of my complainin'.

I can keep to myself.

I don't need anybody.

But, something doesn't feel right.

And I am pretty lonely.

## Leaving

All I could see were the back of the car and the back of her head. The taillights shined in my eyes. All I could do was watch her drive further and further away from me. It hurt. A lot. But she wasn't leaving me by choice. We both have other responsibilities for now. It won't always be like this, but this won't be the last time we do this. Until that day when we don't have to be so far away, we will have to be strong. It's painful, but worth it in the long run.

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**BONUS:** Below are essays I submitted for two scholarships in August. The first one was for the Make Me Laugh Scholarship and is a version of a story I made at camp during the summer. The second one was for the Shout It Out Scholarship. I took a status I had posted on Facebook and added more to it.

### Make Me Laugh Scholarship

Most people don't know it, but I am an unsung hero. It's not that I'm a hero that doesn't sing, but I am a hero that nobody knows about. You see, I saved Chuck Norris from Communists once.

Chuck Norris was over in Russia playing against the Communist baseball team. I had won free tickets to the game, so I was there watching. Of course, Chuck Norris won before he even stepped up to the plate. The other team got really mad. They removed masks from their faces and revealed themselves as mutant Communists! They had red and blue skull-shaped faces. Interestingly, some of them were mutant Nazi Communists. Anyway, all of the mutant Communists began attacking Chuck Norris, and they were almost a match for him. He beat them all. Suddenly, one big, buff mutant Communist came out of the shadows and walked up to Chuck Norris. Somehow, I don't know how, he actually began beating down Chuck Norris! When I couldn't stand watching any longer, I snuck up behind the big guy and hit him over the head with a hammer and a popsicle. Chuck Norris thanked me by showing me the third fist underneath his beard without punching me with it! Actually, he has a whole arm underneath there! He flexed it for me.

And that is the time I saved Chuck Norris from Communists.

## Shout It Out Scholarship

If I could say one thing to the whole world at once, it would be this: Try.

I have been doing a lot of learning lately, and that is one thing I have learned. Right now I am working on a project that is huge and impossible, starting a TV show with a bunch of popular Christian comedians<sup>2</sup>, but I am trying. It may not work out, especially since none of the comedians seem to be interested, but because I am trying, other great things have happened. I may now have the chance to work with one of the comedians on his movies.

Here is my message to the world: Do not give up. Try. Life is never easy and sometimes you just don't think you can do it anything. Trust me, I know. But now I am trying. And I have learned something very important that applies to everything: Trying is a continuous process. You don't try for something once and hope everything turns out okay. You keep trying through the whole situation, which may or may not last a lifetime. You start out by trying something, and then you keep working at it, trying to make it happen and/or continue and improve. When you give up, that is when the trying stops. Do not give up, even when you mess up or it seems like nothing is working out right. It is not easy to always be trying, but it is life, and it can be very rewarding.

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<sup>2</sup> You can find out about Project Giggle at <https://sites.google.com/site/projectgiggle/> and <https://www.facebook.com/ProjectGiggle>

Thank you for reading the 2012 works of James D. McIntosh, Jr. Please be sure to read the others as well.